

An Age Old Story

Along padded floors dances the mother of one long since passed
Hearing them creak under her ragged figure
The shadows follow her curves and hug her against the walls as she move along
The tears of joy are mere stains underneath the fresh streams of hurt racing down her porcelain façade
On the surface of her reality lays the failures of two lifetimes
They choke away her breath and comfort her sobs as she moves, whipping up dust around her bare toes
Memories of her son's polar heart bring back the racking moans to her pale lips
For all of the hours she spent erasing his past,
Counting letters and deleting routes from the recollections of noblemen,
Still he is shot justly, for crimes committed in full knowledge of the vile offender
The crimes of youth engraved into her heart as it spills out of her chest and onto the well-trodden floors
How she wishes he knew her face
Wishes he had murmured her name in his passing
All that is left is darkness spreading through the house like plague
This house in which her feet pound the floors and shake the walls has not been a home for some time
When it stopped being so she knows not,
But suspects it was around the time she relinquished being a mother in body and soul
When he was vulnerable,
He sent her away into the night, where her bawling could not invade his own personal torture
Tumbling and falling down the roads of the unforgiving town she went,
Shutters opened and then closed once more
Pine needles pierced her skin;
The weakness of her female form
Falling and turning
Never expecting
And the blood fell from her soles

Purple claws grasp her still to date,
Keeping her rooted in the lies of the past
Always reminding the woman that no one is waiting at the other end
No one is waiting to receive a broken woman
Invisible eyes watch the old mother waltz out of the house that cannot be a home,
Any more than a widow with a criminally condemned son can be a mother.
Those eyes push her along, battle the purple claws
Coax her out of her thoughts of death by her own hand, or perhaps the hands of her traitor son
They whisper of sights across the boarder between living and dead,
Speak of a son that waits for his mother's demise,
The woman who spent so many hours in the hot press room,
Paying for his misdeeds
The claws tell her no one waits.
The mother knows the truth always hurts more than the lies,
The claws whisper words that sting with reality;
There is no one at the other end.
Regrets are for the living
To be grateful for sacrifice is as well reserved for the living
Feelings foreign and long forgotten to a dead man;
No one waits.